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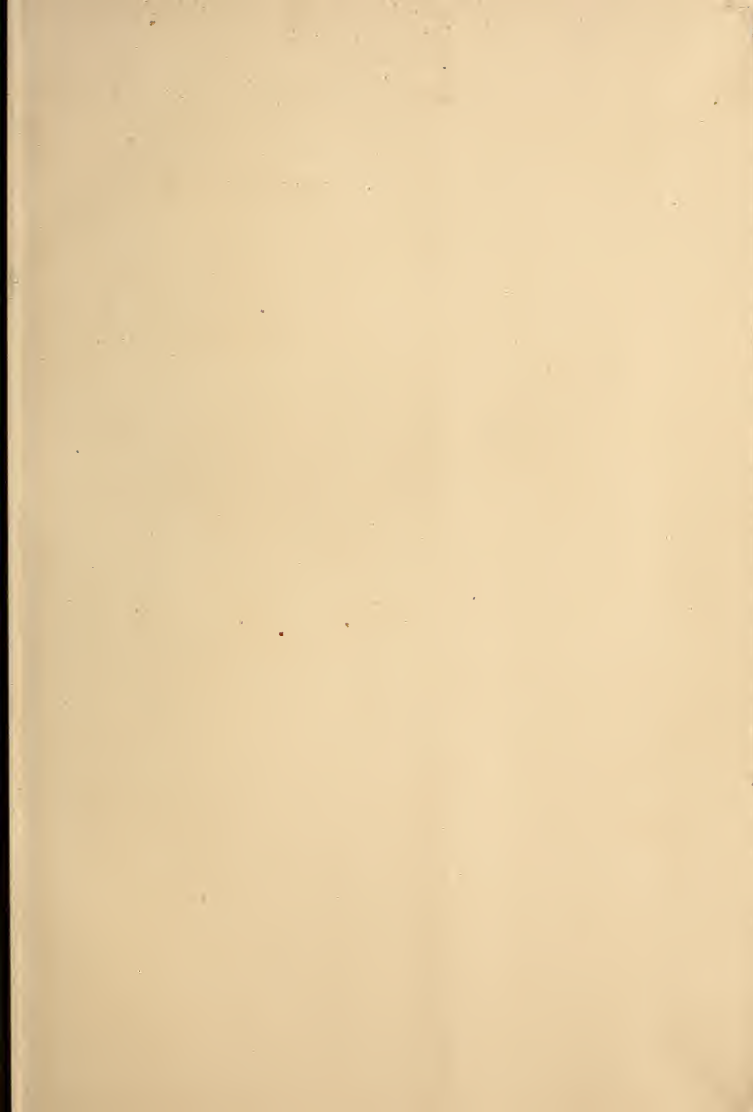
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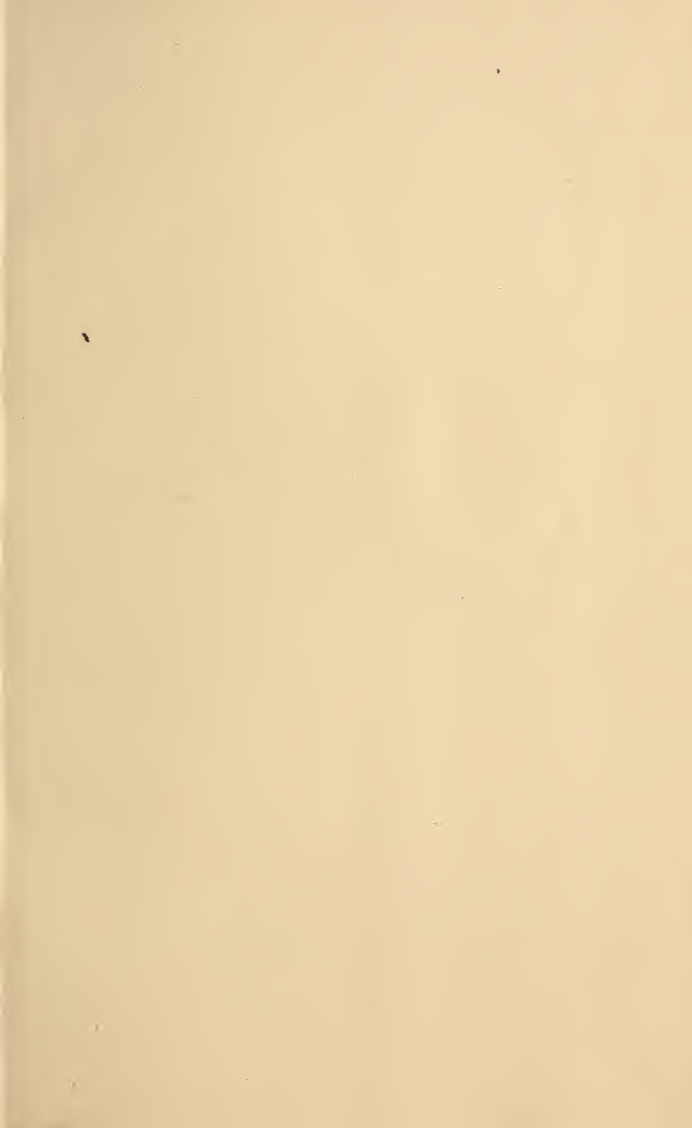


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Book I 36









# INCIDENTS

OF THE

# AMERICAN REBELLION

IN VERSE.

BY A CLEVELANDER.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
ENGLAND AND AMERICA—A PREFACE POEM, .....	3
THE TWO PRESIDENTS OF '61, .....	6
MR. LINCOLN'S ELECTION AND ITS RESULT, .....	7
UNION AND SECESSION, .....	9
COLONEL ELLSWORTH, .....	12
SOUTHRON'S TALK ABOUT THE INAUGURAL, .....	14
BALTIMORE MASSACRE, .....	16
FORT SUMPTER AND THE CAROLINIANS, .....	17
BATTLE OF FORT SUMPTER, .....	20
PRESIDENT LINCOLN, .....	22
GEN. SCOTT, .....	24
GEN. BUTLER AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW, .....	25
MAJOR ANDERSON, .....	28
THE GREAT BETHEL AFFAIR—GEN. PIERCE, .....	29
GEN. LYON AND THE MISSOURIANS, .....	30
THE VOLUNTEERS, .....	31
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CHILD'S NATIONAL HYMN, .....	32

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CLEVELAND, O.:

& J. LEATHERSTONE, PUBLISHERS, 144 SUPERIOR STREET,  
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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Great Britain once did vainly seek,  
America's pride to crush ;  
Whose Freedom-cry, yet faint and weak,  
She fiercely sought to hush.

Soon Young Republic raised her head,  
And showed that nought she feared;  
Old England's threatening steel and lead,  
She proudly, bravely dared !

"We mean," said England, "spite your boast,  
That you shall be our drudge,  
While dealing death along your coast,  
In name of Great King George."

Then fired with patriotic flame,  
Our heroes grasped the sword—  
Dashed forth, resolved in Freedom's name,  
The hostile ship to board.

Monarchy's haughty, taunting tone  
Had galled Republic's soul,  
Went through the body, blood and bone,  
Of all her gallant Roll.

Farmers forsaking plow in field,  
 Merchants, their trading stock,  
 Mechanics ceasing more to wield  
 Their instruments of work.;—

They hear the notes of battle-cry,  
 And moving with the sound,  
 They charge their weapons prompt; and high  
 In air their shouts resound.

“Freedom or death!” they now exclaim,  
 “To luck and pluck we trust;  
 No consequences e’er can tame  
 The fury of the just.”

“King George, King George!” the other cried,  
 With desperate tread advance;  
 While England’s hirelings, side by side,  
 United in the prance.

“No slaves of Kings, we mean to be,  
 Let Britain look to that;”  
 Cried Young Republic, too, as she  
 Did valiantly combat.

“We’ll see how long your pride will last,”  
 Said Britain’s raging host:  
 And then poured volleys, thick and fast  
 Along Republic’s coast.

Then from Republic's eye gleamed forth,  
 Determination's fire;  
 Which argued ill, ere they should both,  
 From hostile ranks retire.

Astounded at the gallant band,  
 Old England op'd her eyes,  
 And feared she'd lose her Western land,  
 And miss the tempting prize.

But though she felt, she did not speak—  
 Her honor was at stake—  
 And cunningly conceal'd her weak  
 Part, for that honor's sake.

Yet bristling bayonet, flaming sword,  
 Had further work to do,  
 Ere either spoke the magic word  
 Which brought the contest through.

They smote and thrust, threw shot and shell,  
 Took captives as they could;  
 Till many a mountain, hill and dell,  
 Were covered with their blood.

At length Republic's hero takes  
 England's surrender'd sword,  
 Which, peace between two nations makes,  
 'Twixt Magistrate and Lord.

## THE TWO PRESIDENTS OF '61.

A thing is seen to happen which was never known before—

Since the colonies of Britain did to Independence  
soar :

To rule a single commonwealth, two Presidents are  
found,

To the very great astonishment of all the nations  
round.

And what is stranger still, is, that they don't agree  
at all,

In either choosing men or things, for which the  
country call.

Nor in the warrantableness of each to take his seat,  
Did they either, make concurrence, when they did  
this thing complete.

However, after this was done, the question then  
arose,

How far they each, in fairness, had the right to inter-  
pose

In matters which related to the Great United States;  
Concerning which, for years, there were such numer-  
ous debates.

The first contended, that he had unquestionable right  
To overlook the Union from his now official hight;  
To make appointments freely, and enforce the Coun-  
try's laws,

And take in his own hands, alone, th' entire Union  
Cause.

The other vow'd he also had the right to govern too:  
 Which, if the people would not see, he'll force to  
     look it through;  
 He would not have his right denied, for what he  
     thought a trifle,  
 But swore he would establish it, by dint of sword  
     and rifle.

The first gave him to understand *he* had the Con-  
     stitution,  
 Which none can violate without a fearful retribution;  
 And if this Constitution's thought, a thing not  
     having life,  
 An otherwise conviction he will urge with legal  
     strife.

These words, in which both law and right were  
     argued so profound,  
 Were words which, to the latter had a quite un-  
     pleasant sound,  
 But seeing that the former is determined on his  
     course.  
 He flees the Constitution, and resorts to Rebel Force.

---

## LINCOLN'S ELECTION AND ITS RESULT.

The time arrived!—th' eventful time,  
 When Great Republic's voice, sublime,  
 Proclaimed election contest done,  
 By Abraham Lincoln fairly won.

Nor did the North object to this;  
 As there was nothing here amiss :  
 But joyed that they successful fought  
 For that which Freedom's people sought.

Not so—the section standing South,  
 With callous heart—abusive mouth !  
 This was exactly not the thing  
 To make *them* either laugh or sing.

Instead of this they wrathful grew;  
 And scarce knew what they could not do,  
 To make that joyful people sad,  
 Who over them advantage had.

Because they did not like the man,  
 They swore he won by artful plan ;  
 “A Section's President,” they say :  
 “They'll think of him no other way.”

Then passing judgment in this way,  
 They next proceed without delay,  
 To make arrangements for remove  
 From all they feel they cannot love.

Now while our President did not say,  
 “They would be better far away,”  
 He yet however spoke to show,  
 That *legally* they could not go !



“We shall” said they; “and whoe’er stops,  
We’ll let his blood in heavy drops;  
From hence, the Union we forsake;  
And ’bout it there is no mistake.”

They go!—or rather, think they do;  
Not dreaming that the deed they’ll rue;  
They hang their flags, and boast aloud;—  
Of South Secession feeling proud.

And thus they seem to show content;  
But while they do not yet repent;  
Misgivings terrible have they,  
Of darkness settling on their day.

Already woful notes they hear;  
Sights on their eyes, terrific glare!  
Down marches Union’s mighty host  
On rebels, hindering at their cost!



## UNION AND SECESSION.

The North had once thought that Secessionists’  
boast,  
Would recant on their coming to learn of the cost,  
Would swallow their words, and then cease with  
their threats—  
So much so, that on this there were numerous bets.

Yet alas, for this once, the great North is deceived,  
 We do find her by all the rash rebel host grieved;  
 She now sees, that near all the bold miscreants say,  
 They will do, at the very first promising day.

But we pity the youthful rebellious brigand,  
 When we think of the trouble so close at their  
     hand;  
 For really we love them as brother and friend,  
 Nor with bloody hands, wish we, with them to con-  
     tend.

Not at all; but we would they were happy—we sigh  
 At the thought of their crime taking so deep a dye;  
 Their “President Extra” has spoiled the good thing;  
 And which really does not of the true metal ring.

But how childish they act in dividing this Union,  
 Giving rise to superfluous strife and dissension,  
 Like the urchins of six, jarring over their toys,  
 Till the father calls to them, “Be quiet my boys.”

Now Lincoln would call the same way to the South,  
 If 'twere so they would hear anything from his  
     mouth;  
 But behold! when he speaketh, they say in retort,  
 “He had better to rail-splitting business resort.”

They say, “Mr. Lincoln sleeps on with his boots,  
 All ready to run when the ‘rebel band’ hoots;

And that Scott, his companion, is now in his dotage,  
Who can scarce rout a handful of men in a cottage.

Whether all the odd things they do say of the Cab'-  
net,  
And strangely imagine that people can credit;  
Or whether the prank of their new petty govern-  
ment,  
Should surprise us the most, is not clear to discern-  
ment.

The stopping of vessels, to them is a bore,  
Which, if they could help it, they'd suffer no more;  
So they seem to content with the kick and the prance,  
Which gives us the sense of the Rebel's War-dance.

We captured their Steam-gun, and now can't be  
pardoned,  
For at that kind of work, the North now has grown  
hardened :  
They heartily wish they'd got hold of the man,  
Who so plumply extracted this thing from their  
hand.

But 'tis no use in talking, for here it must stay,  
Until Rebels all learn to march out of its way;  
For its crocodile mouth will blow hard if they don't.  
Thus impelling them forth, if they will go or won't.

They secretly dread they will get no more flour,  
 And this makes their visage exceedingly sour;  
 Although at the blockades, they affect a contempt,  
 How the North could thus fix them, they never had  
 dreamt.

Return, back-sliding South, we will give you a  
 home.

And though you want *all*, we will give you but *some*;  
 But if this don't content you, what else can you do?  
 If you slide off again, the result you will rue.

Now what will you do, when the Indians assail,  
 For you have no United States force to prevail;  
 And the Indians will swallow you, houses and all,  
 If you take not for shelter, United States Hall.

You had better consider some plan to devise,  
 To gain favor and love of the good and the wise,  
 For conscience impels us to view as Transgression,  
 All sayings and actions that smack of Secession.



## COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

Wept victim of the Rebel South,  
 Which found a noble foe in thee;  
 Thy fate's bewailed by heart and mouth,  
 Of all the noble—all the free!

'Tis for thy Country's glorious cause,  
 That thou did'st die thy violent death!  
 Well might we make a solemn pause—  
 Well might emotion hold our breath!

Thy patriotic stand bespoke  
 A manly heart and true as steel;  
 Which, when our Union was forsook,  
 Show'd how that heart could keenly feel.

Ellsworth, a fond and only son,  
 A father's great and cherished pride;  
 Not half the race of life had run,  
 Ere he gave up himself and died!

A daring act this Colonel did—  
 He firmly siezed Secession's flag;  
 And, while the foe in ambush hid,  
 Wrenched from above the rebel rag!

Yet soon the hidden foe appeared;  
 And darting forth with vengeance fierce,  
 His wild eye for a moment glared;  
 His ball our hero's heart did pierce!

But o'er the bloody murderer's tracks,  
 Comes one who his escape defies:  
 Assassin's frame with terror shakes,  
 His heart support to him denies!

With ball and bristling bayonet, both,  
 Ellsworth's avenger did pursue !  
 And rushing on with visage wroth,  
 First shot—then thrust the miscreant through !

Like him, all those will doubtless die,  
 Who kill the Union's gallant men ;  
 With all who wantonly do try  
 To break our Glorious Union Chain.

But Ellsworth's mem'ry ever lives  
 In all hearts like his noble own !  
 His death proud satisfaction gives ;  
 For he, a martyr's crown has won !



## SOUTHERNER'S TALK ABOUT THE INAUGURAL.

"We wonder what 'Old Abe' *does* mean !  
 He says he'll take the stolen Forts ;  
 And rend away the 'Rebels' screen,  
 By main force of his bold cohorts.

"The Arsenal, too, he says he'll wrench,  
 Pledging his honor and his word,  
 That in his hands he'll firmly clench,  
 The law-avenging, bloody sword !

“And other property beside,  
 He swears he'll surely get again,  
 Howe'er secure we take and hide  
 The valued powder in our den.

“Again he says, he will collect  
 The Country's common revenue ;  
 And that he will, once more, connect  
 The States, at present rent in two.

“He even says he will not grant,  
 That this Dissolve has yet been done ;  
 And speaks as if he really sha'n't  
 Regard the South as having gone.

“In fact he coolly takes the thing,  
 As if indeed, 'twere all a sham;  
 And seeks great arguments to bring,  
 To prove 'tis all but false alarm.

“Do things betoken Peace or War?  
 We wish 'twere really understood ;  
 Are all his propositions for,  
 Or hostile, to the Southern good ?

“Perhaps the first—for all we want,  
 Is, only to be let alone:  
 We really feel that Lincoln can't  
 Wage war for nothing but for fun.



“For what he spouts such ven’mous breath,  
 We’re sure we’re unprepared to tell;  
 Unless he envies us our Jeff,  
 Who loves the Southern soil so well.

“What does he mean—what’s then to be?—  
 But hark! Hear how the cannons roar!  
 See how our brave Virginians flee—  
 Oh, dear! indeed he *does* mean War!”



### BALTIMORE MASSACRE.

’Twas one of those eventful days,  
 When Baltimore was all a-blaze,  
 With party spirit, rampant, wild,  
 By artful doctrine all beguiled,  
 That Massachusetts’s troops passed through,  
 Resolved their Country’s work to do.

But ere they make the journey quite,  
 A hideous picture greets their sight:  
 Plug Uglies, armed with stones and staves,  
 Come tramping forth to meet the Braves,  
 To whom they bear the greatest hate,  
 And vengeance on them long to sate.

Great paving stones with demon force,  
 Teeming with fury in their course,



Directed by Rebellion's hand,  
 To smite the Union's gallant band;  
 Bring death amidst the loyal host,  
 While lo! they madly shout and boast!

"No Black Republicans, say they,"  
 To Washington shall pass this way,  
 As long as we can gather tools,  
 To hurl destruction on the fools;  
 So let them timely warning take,  
 And keep off for their safety's sake.

But Government soon learns of this,  
 And thinks it not at all amiss,  
 To swear it still shall use the road,  
 For purpose of the Country's good,  
 And should its mandate be ignored,  
 That troops shall use the bloody sword.

Chief Magistrate had passed his word,  
 Which he intended should be heard;  
 He did not wish to speak again,  
 And hence his speech was very plain;  
 That Rebels did this fact explore,  
 Is shown by Quiet Baltimore.



## FORT SUMTER AND THE CAROLINIANS.

"Oh! if we only had that Fort,"  
 Said some on Charleston's street;  
 "How boldly then we could retort,  
 On Black Republic's fleet!"

Said others: "Yet the trouble is,  
 How should we *get* the fort!  
 No *doubt* its built, and site and size,  
 Would make it safe resort."

"Why," said the first, "how do you talk—  
 We'll fight for it, of course:  
 And o'er its inmates' corpse we'll walk,  
 If urged to this resource."

"But," was replied, "the saying this  
 Is one thing; while to do,  
 Is quite another; and to miss  
 Our object, would be woe!"

"You talk quite chicken-hearted, friend!  
 Are we not equal to  
 The work we have to us assigned,  
 That you should reason so?"

"We doubt it not: but don't you see  
 What frightful guns doth peep  
 From Sumpter's port-holes; and that he  
 Will scatter us like sheep?"

"Allowing that his guns are such—  
 Have we not more than he?  
 Think you that they can harm us much,  
 With odds of one to three?"

“But Anderson behaves so cool,  
 We think something’s ahead!  
 ’Tis clear that Major is no fool  
 From what we heard he said!”

“Why comrades, don’t you comprehend?—  
 He judges we will beat:  
 The fort he will a while defend,  
 And then he will retreat.—

“For there is one thing you must know:  
 The Major studies some!  
 He knows the number of the foe—  
 The stock from which they come!

“He is himself of Southern rise—  
 Knows how such people fight;  
 To this he’ll add our number’s size,  
 Then do the thing that’s right.

“Of stern necessity, he’ll make  
 A virtue, when he may;  
 A fierce attack he will forsake,  
 By some ingenious way.

“He will not spend his powder, quite,  
 In valueless affray:  
 Will never make too hard a fight,  
 Unless he sees his way.

“He knows his fame hangs not, alone,  
 Just on the issue here ;  
 So when he thinks enough is done  
 He'll cease to further care.”

“But lest the few blows he may deal,  
 We should find rather hard ;  
 We fain would 'wait th' exhausted meal  
 And *then* call Beauregard.”



## BATTLE OF FORT SUMPTER.

The ominous morn that succeeded the night  
 When measures were pending to hasten the fight,  
 At length did arrive, and caused many to quake,  
 Apprehensive of ill to what each had at stake.

So momentous it was ;  
 It made the most daring and reckless to pause !

The heart beating high, both with hope and with fear,  
 The eager hand quiver—the wild eye glare ;  
 Each combatant available attitude form,  
 All ready to weather the gathering storm !

But little they say :  
 All swallow'd up they, in the thought of the fray.

Now port-holes are open !—now cannons' mouth  
 face,  
 Each the other, portending the famous war race !  
 The belligerent parties all placed in array,

Wait the word of command to begin the affray.

So anxious they seem :

The now golden moment, they burn to redeem !

Now rings in the ear the loud voice of command !

In mute hesitation no longer they stand :

Hoarse roaring is heard, and the thick mist seen,  
Which tells that the war ball has passed from its  
screen !

They valiantly fight

Burning powder profusely, beclouding their sight.

The balls of Fort Sumpter are scattered and few :

And no wonder—for what can the gallant man do,

But to make distribution in order to suit

His small means to the foe's overwhelming salute ?

So unequal the force ;

Soon Sumpter must yield, as a matter of course.

But while the brave Major surmises the end ;

And feels it is fruitless for him to contend ;

Yet thinks it is better to tax them severe ;

And keep the bold miscreants in something like fear.

Quite vain they would be,

Did they gain the great battle so easy and free !

Thus using up much of their powder and ball,

And fearing they'd soon be divested of all,

"O Major !" they cry out, "say when will you quit ;

And cease to devour us bit after bit !

Pray, don't further try :

You know we will fight on, till all of us die !"

“ Well ” said the good Major, “ to save my own  
fort,

Which I hate to see battered, just after this sort,  
I’ll do at the first what I must at the last :

And consider the time of the strife as now past ;—

But I make this condition :—

You’re not a Soon victor, by my recognition.”

This reply made the hearts of the Rebels to leap ;

Quite glad, on the whole, that they got off so cheap !

For they have some respect for the Major’s great  
gun,

Which they know and believe do not thunder in fun.

Convinced of this fact,

They quickly accede to the Major’s compact.

Thus ended the battle which roused the great North,  
Impelling the greatest of multitudes forth ;

To fight in the name of the Country and God,  
Defending the place of their native abode.

So earnest they move ;

Their manifest promptings are honor and love.

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A trying time is this,

A President to be ;

When numerous men must needs enlist.

To keep the country free !

We see that many men

Have been Chief Magistrate,

Who had their troubles too ; but then,

Things were not at this rate!

Indeed the present one  
 Must needs be twice a man ;  
 Before a victory be won  
 By strict prudential plan !

Did foreign foes invade,  
 The matter would be tame ;  
 At once he'd check the hostile raid,  
 And have no one to blame.

Far different is the case :  
 He must—as now is shown—  
 In hostile attitude face those  
 Whose country is his own.

A man of nerve, say we,  
 And honesty replete ;  
 Must Mr. Lincoln surely be,  
 With such odds to compete.

“ Old Abe ” is always seen  
 Avoiding needless harm ;  
 Of gentle yet decided mien,  
 He fits things to a charm.

He's one his foes can love,  
 As well as they can fear ;  
 He has a heart which they can move,  
 A voice which they must hear !



His duty he will do,  
 Though with a bleeding soul;  
 And all that answers, in his view,  
 The interests of the whole.

He'll ne'er depart from this,  
 We make bold to declare;  
 He's not the man to be remiss:  
 He holds his honor dear.

Suppose he errs at all?  
 'Twill be on mercy's side!  
 But who, that has a soul so small,  
 Will, for such action, chide?

So may we safely trust,  
 If "Abe" on heav'n relies;  
 Our "Falling Union" can and must  
 In pristine vigour rise!

---

GEN. SCOTT.

Good luck to the day, when we had a brave Scott,  
 To marshall our forces within and without;  
 Whose countenance stirs up the heart of the brave,  
 And dauntlessly leads them their country to save;  
 Whose brilliant resources and strength of intention,  
 Can splendidly stem the rough tide of contention.



Though warlike and brave Mr. Scott be indeed,  
Yet his prudence prevents him from making ill  
speed;

For his wit and his wisdom keep pace with his pluck,  
As his keen eye examines the chances of luck:  
So no fear that the enemy gets the advantage,  
While Winfield is stopping to look o'er his cartridge.

While thoughtlessly censured by high and by low,  
He is sensibly pausing and watching his foe;  
Weak folks can't embarrass his well settled mind—  
No, not all of their sayings and actions combined.  
His move is the *soldier's* who well knows his business;—

He pays no regard to faultfinders' absurdness.

To counter-march troops is quite out of his line;  
And this makes him a premature movement decline:  
Having started, he means to keep up the great chase;  
And effect the grand object of gaining the race.—  
Mr. Scott wants not vainly to show off his running;  
But looks to the profit attendant on Winning.



## GEN. BUTLER AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Who then is there? Is that a slave?

And does he come to me?

Distressed? and wants that I should save—

Or even make him free?

But by what way, can I, in fact,  
 Consistently proceed  
 To lend my hand to such an act?  
 I do not know indeed!

For am I not upon my oath,  
 To all the laws obey?  
 And therefore should not I, henceforth,  
 Remand this slave away?

Besides, for what are we to fight,  
 But for the law t' enforce?  
 Then I should not be acting right,  
 To take another course!

But stop a moment—let me think  
 How things at present stand;—  
 If now they can expect of me,  
 To heed the law's demand!

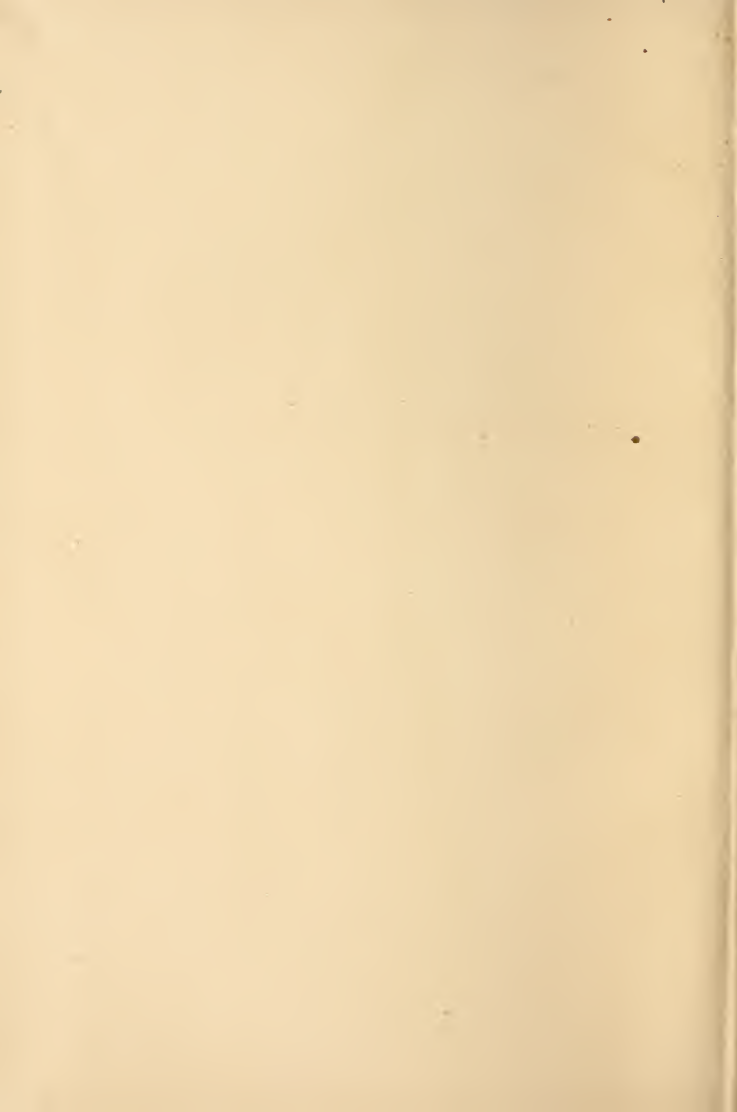
They say, "they're not the Union's men,  
 And never mean to be:"  
 Why should they claim protection, then,  
 Of them from whom they flee?

They call their own "Confederate States,"  
 And think that they are strong:  
 Then should not one among their mates,  
 Correct all that is wrong?











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